



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

of an economical turn of mind, did not wish to have two coffee-pots to wash. In place of our dainty china one, there was the huge granite one from the kitchen, closely resembling the Bunker Hill monument and shying like a colt minus blinkers.

I slip the rubbers on hurriedly, murmuring thanks to Antonio, and reach the second floor, when again her voice breaks in on my musings.

"Mary Ethel, Mary Ethel! you said you were going to try and match that trimming for your blue kimona. Better do it this morning. The stores are not far from the library, you know, and no use to waste two mornings."

"Thanks," I reply, just as respectfully as I can.

I am in utter despair at wasting so much time over rubbers and kimona trimmings. Rubbers make my feet heavy and hot, but I must wear them because Antonio says so, and I must buy the rest of that trimming because Antonio says so.

No use to explain to her that I am on the hunt for a bit of verse that is as delicate as moonbeams or as dainty in coloring as a wisp of rainbow.

With a marvellous sureness I hasten down stairs and keep hastening for two blocks, colliding with our ancient policeman, the moon-faced caterer, and a small boy and dog. They seem surprised.

"I am going away," I call blithely, never stopping, and gaining momentum as the prairie thistle that has blown over several quarter sections. At last I am out of sight of the flat, and Antonio can still go on remembering the things I have forgotten.

THE UPPER HAND

BY M. E. M.

To work and fight through the fearsome night—

A tiny pulse-beat and Death and you ;

To spur life on from a flickering light

By dint of a work held true.

He lives ; but Death a thousand fold

Is dancing demoniac across one's brain ;

He lives, and your nerves release their hold,

And your eyes are stabbed with pain.

And then—a gleaming of pink and white
Delays the Doctor upon the stair;
A woman?—Yes, call her what you might—
Wife of the man up there.

The weariness goes with the nightly things
And low, glad words, “You have pulled him through”;
And out in the dawning a robin sings,
And a rose is dripping dew.

MOUNTAIN MEDICINE

By L. L. DOCK, R.N.

It is some time ago, but I have not forgotten it, that those ladies of Cranford ventured upon some boasting as to the highly cultivated kind of nursing they see on the Michigan farms. It has rankled in my soul until I must burst into print once more to relate the latest chapter of our mountain marvels.

Do they remember the old gentleman of eighty-four who was brought by Dame Nature from death's door? Well, all of this winter I have been visiting him occasionally, not expecting to see him survive the winter. In autumn he was quite helpless from badly cedematous legs; could not use one at all, even with crutches, so he sent for the doctor and me. The doctor gave an internal drug, whose nature I could only guess, and ordered heavy cotton batting swathing of the limbs, and elevation. I went regularly for a week or so and wrapped and bandaged the limbs, the treatment seeming to be of some effect. However, one morning I got word not to come, as the patient was going to stop the bandages and medicine. The weather was bad and it was some time before I again saw the old man. I found him full of life and courageous gayety, and making myself comfortable for a chat, I heard the whole story of how he discharged the doctor, and sent for the *pow-wow man*. Then I went home lamenting, for, said I, if I could only write down that story as he told it I could get seventy-five dollars for it! Anything more delicious I have never heard than his graphic portrayal of the rage of the doctor, who jumped around the room and “hollered,” and the advent of the *pow-wow man*. The latter is an unromantic looking native who has learned to “say words” over ailments. I heard of his wonderful